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THE TRANSFORMERS
SPOTLIGHT
BLASTER

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THE TRANSFORMERS
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BLASTER

Loud, proud and bombastic, he is the larger-than-life "voice" of the Autobot counter-offensive. His rabble-rousing, hellraising, blood-and-thunder broadcasts provide a "never say die" rallying cry that keeps other Autobots going, even in their darkest hour. A tried and tested warrior in his own right, his true strength lies in his inspirational and versatile vocabulary of victory. His name…

…IS BLASTER!

THE TRANSFORMERS: SPOTLIGHT BLASTER

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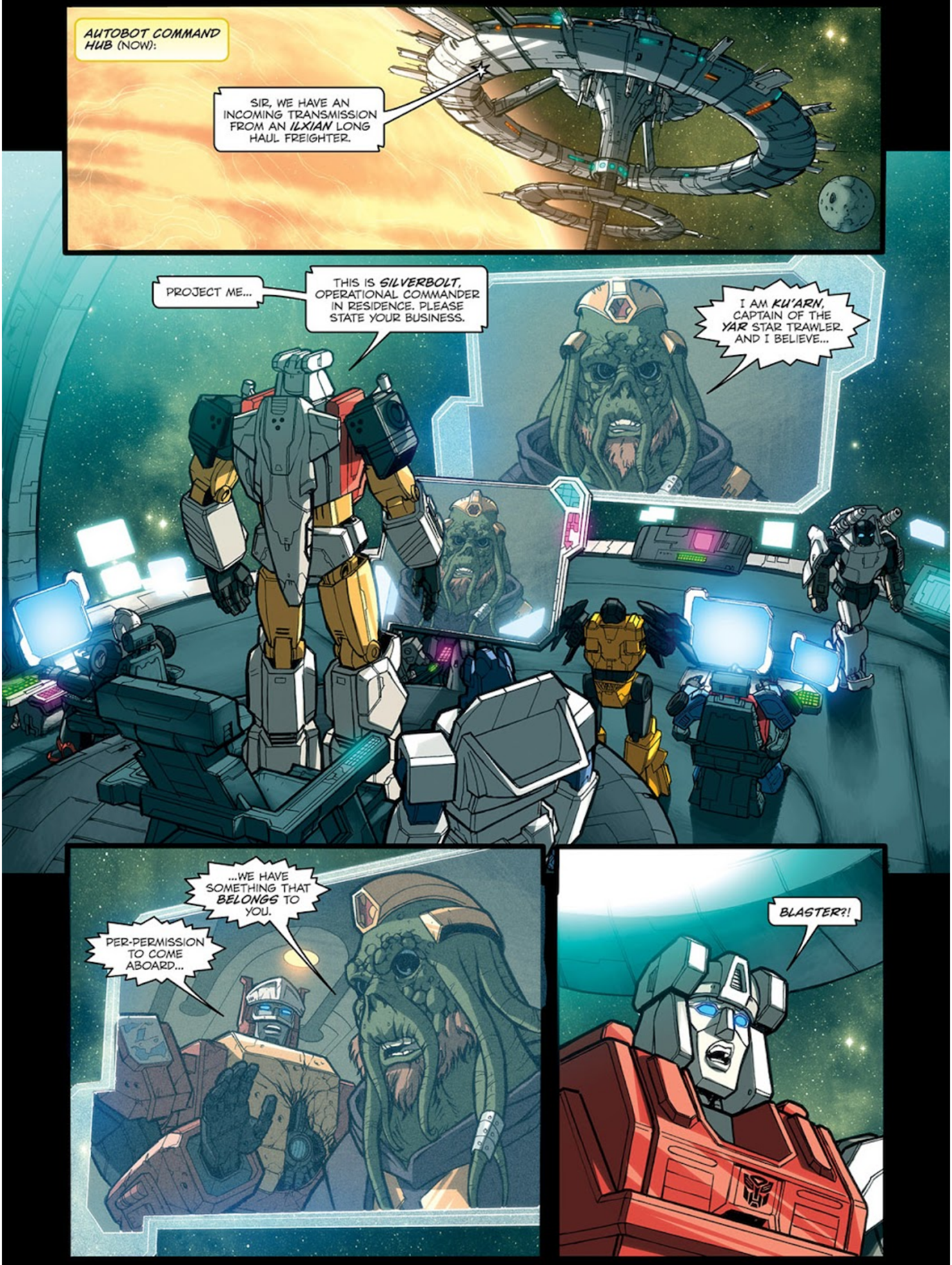
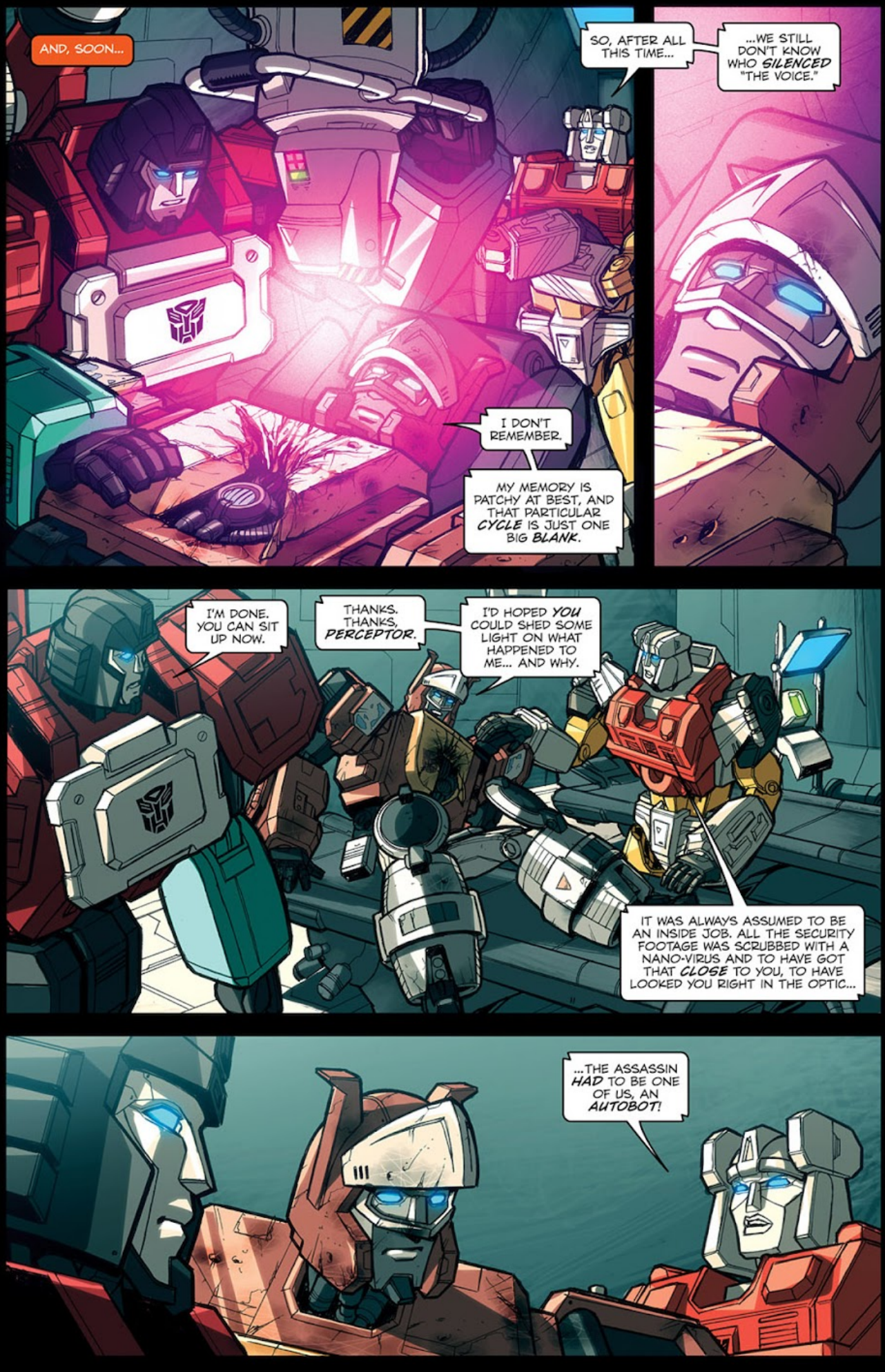
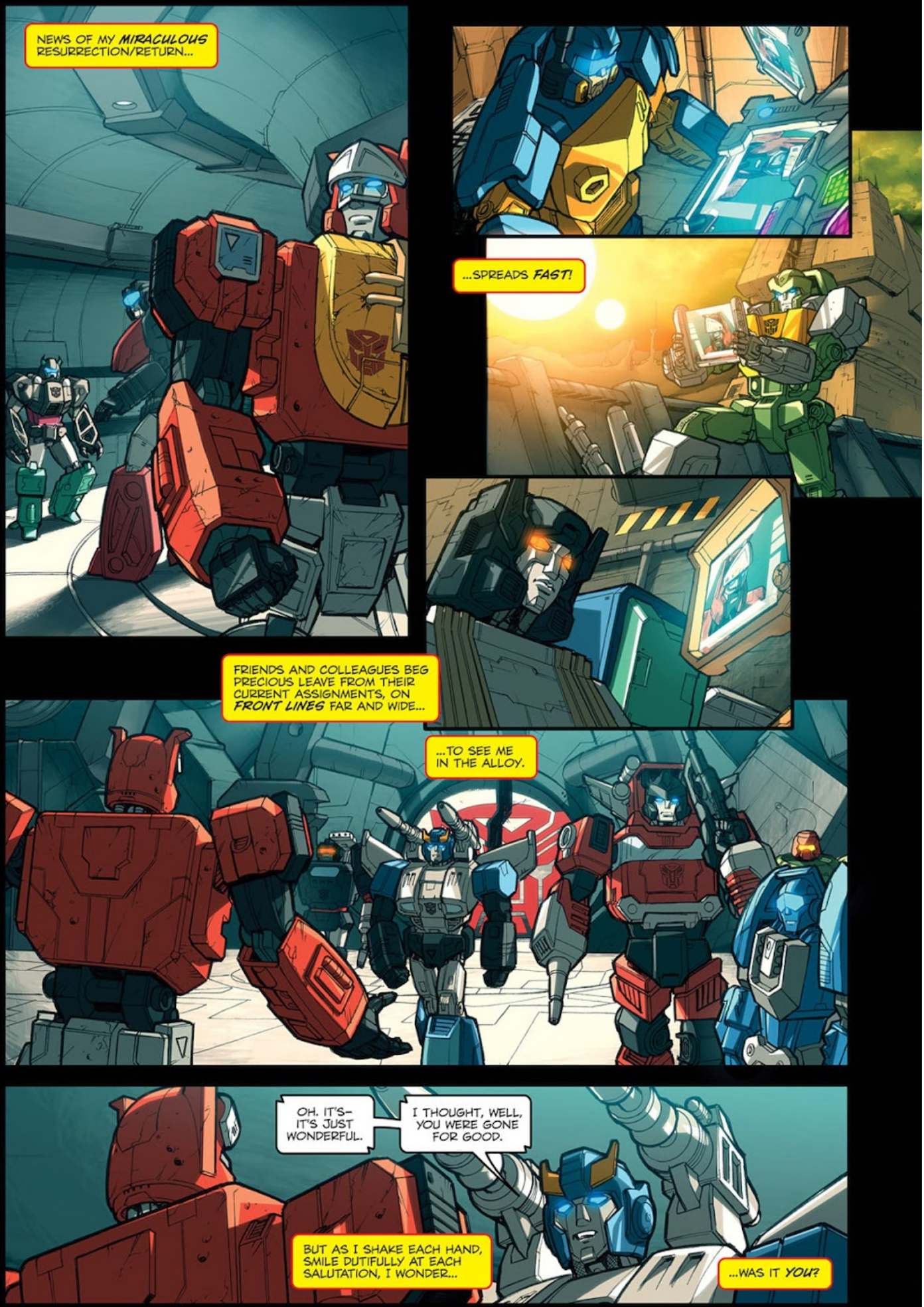
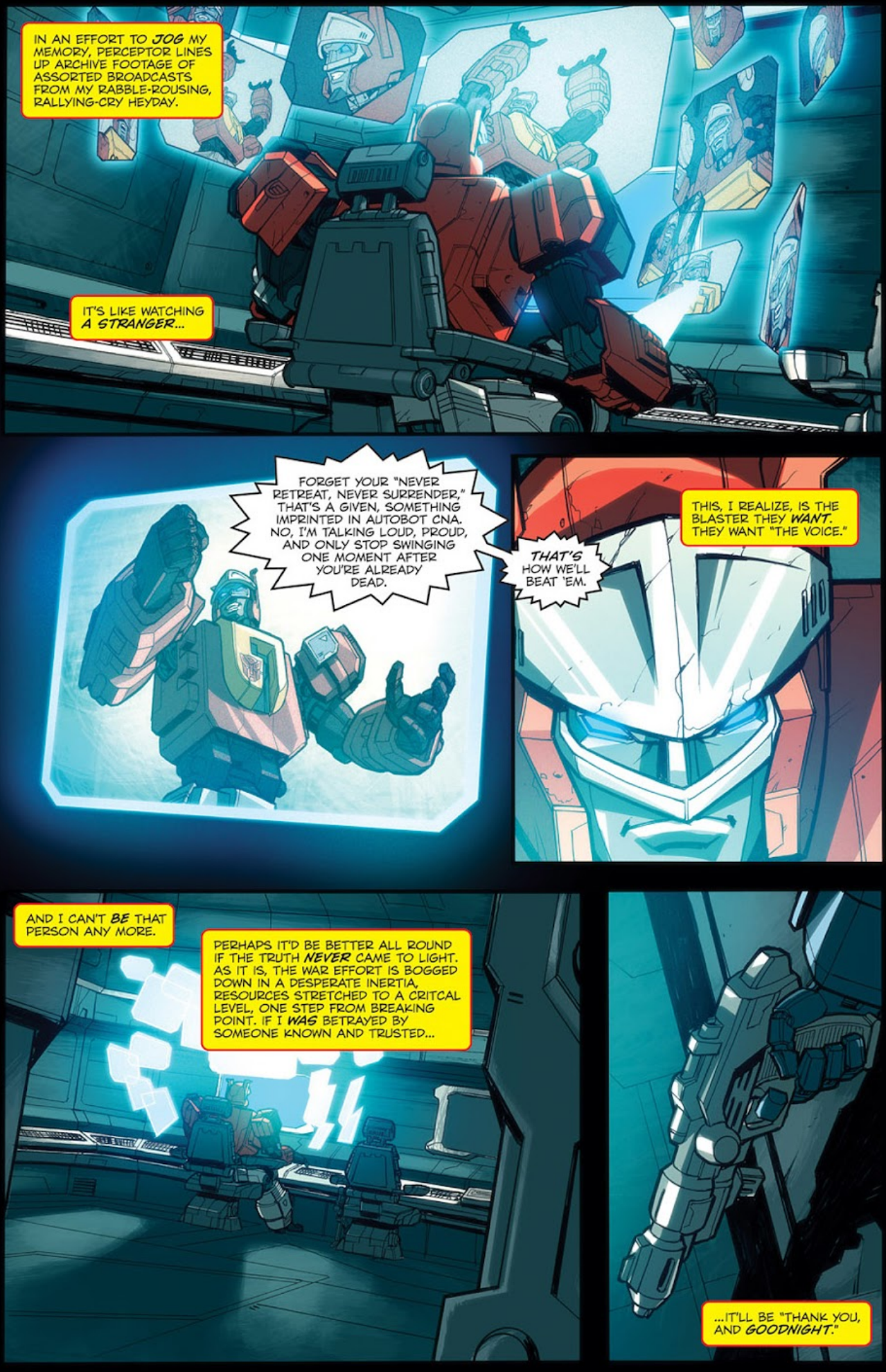
"THE VOICE" (ONCE):
YOU HEAR ME, AUTOBOTS, YOU GO OUT THERE TODAY AND GIVE 'EM HELL!
JUST REMEMBER, BIG THOSE 'CONS MAY BE, BUT THEY'RE NOT CLEVER. WE GOT THE MOVES! THE SMARTS! THE SPIRIT! NOTHING AND NO ONE...
...IS EVER GONNA STOP US!
"THE VOICE" (SINCE):

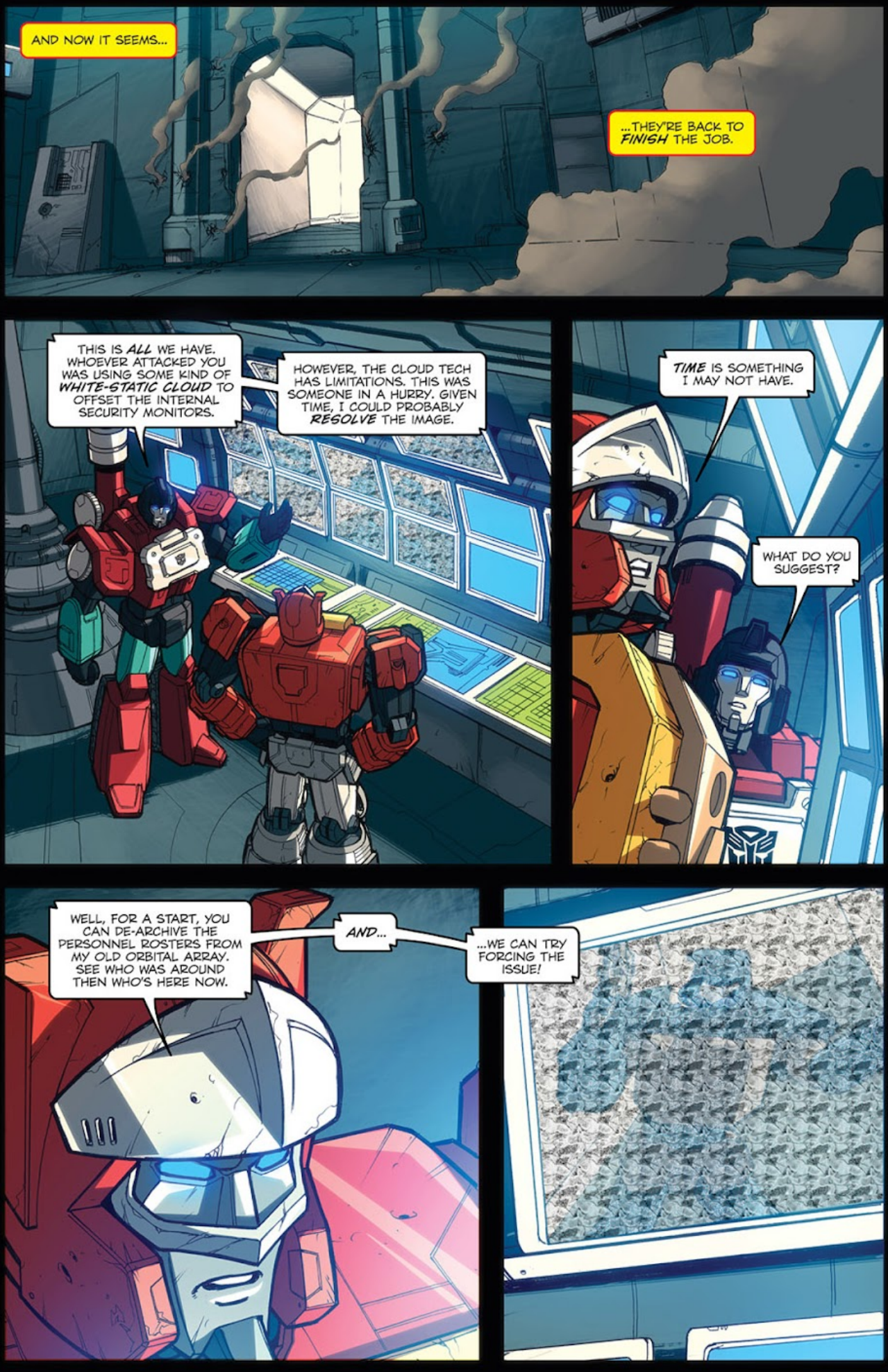

AUTOBOT COMMAND HUB (NOW):
SIR, WE HAVE AN INCOMING TRANSMISSION FROM AN ILXIAN LONG HAUL FREIGHTER.
PROJECT ME...
THIS IS SILVERBOLT, OPERATIONAL COMMANDER IN RESIDENCE. PLEASE STATE YOUR BUSINESS.
I AM KU'ARN, CAPTAIN OF THE YAR STAR TRAWLER. AND I BELIEVE...
PER-PERMISSION TO COME ABOARD...
...WE HAVE SOMETHING THAT BELONGS TO YOU.
BLASTER?!

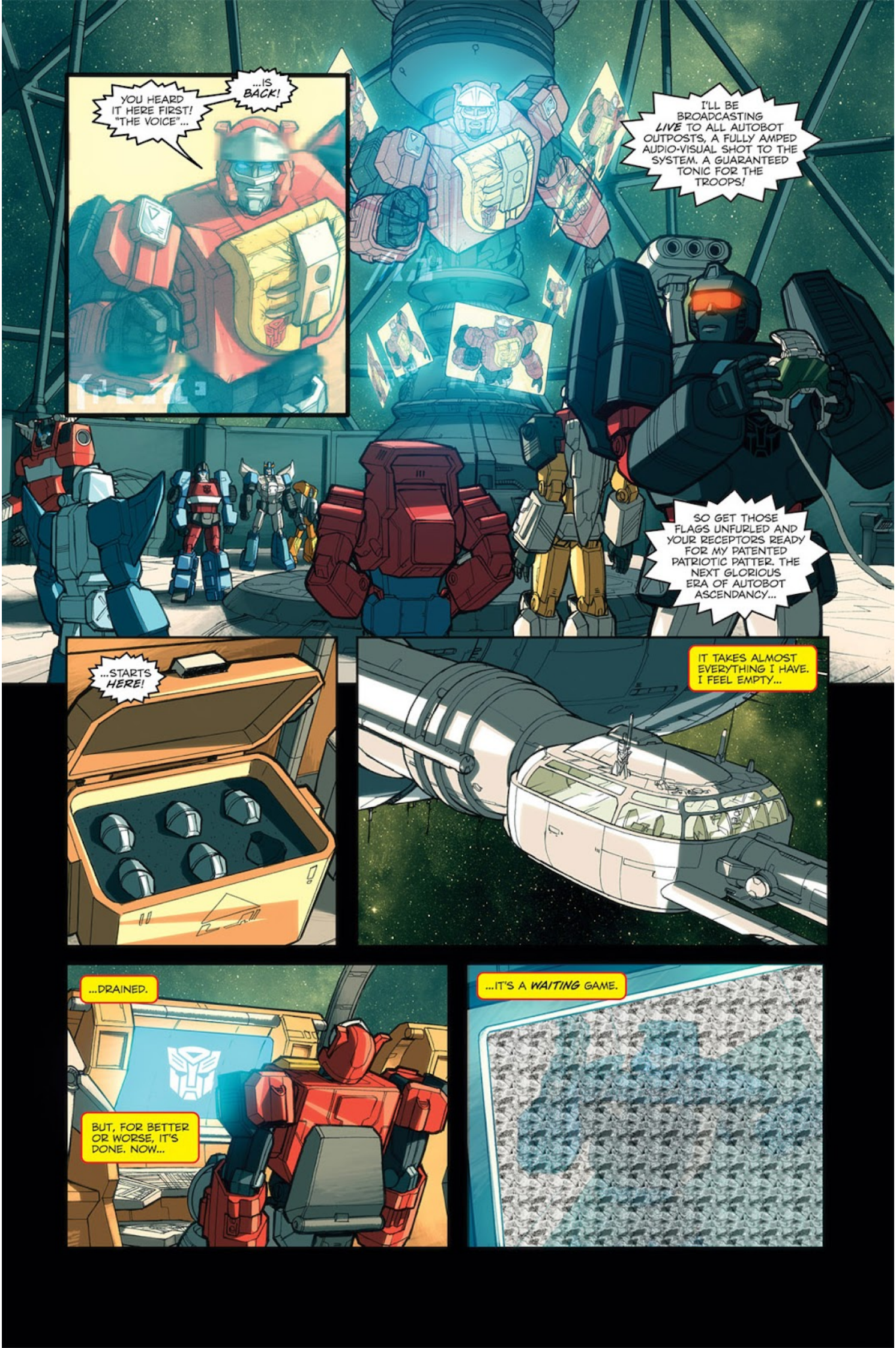

AND, SOON...
SO, AFTER ALL THIS TIME...
...WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHO *SILENCED* "THE VOICE."
I DON'T REMEMBER.
MY MEMORY IS PATCHY AT BEST, AND THAT PARTICULAR *CYCLE* IS JUST ONE BIG *BLANK*.
I'M DONE. YOU CAN SIT UP NOW.
THANKS. THANKS, *PERCEPTOR*.
I'D HOPED *YOU* COULD SHED SOME LIGHT ON WHAT HAPPENED TO ME... AND WHY.
IT WAS ALWAYS ASSUMED TO BE AN INSIDE JOB. ALL THE SECURITY FOOTAGE WAS SCRUBBED WITH A NANO-VIRUS AND TO HAVE GOT THAT *CLOSE* TO YOU, TO HAVE LOOKED YOU RIGHT IN THE OPTIC...
...THE ASSASSIN *HAD* TO BE ONE OF US, AN *AUTOBOT*!


NEWS OF MY MIRACULOUS RESURRECTION/RETURN...
...SPREADS FAST!
FRIENDS AND COLLEAGUES BEG PRECIOUS LEAVE FROM THEIR CURRENT ASSIGNMENTS, ON FRONT LINES FAR AND WIDE...
...TO SEE ME IN THE ALLOY.
OH. IT'S– IT'S JUST WONDERFUL.
I THOUGHT, WELL, YOU WERE GONE FOR GOOD.
BUT AS I SHAKE EACH HAND, SMILE DUTIFULLY AT EACH SALUTATION, I WONDER...
...WAS IT YOU?

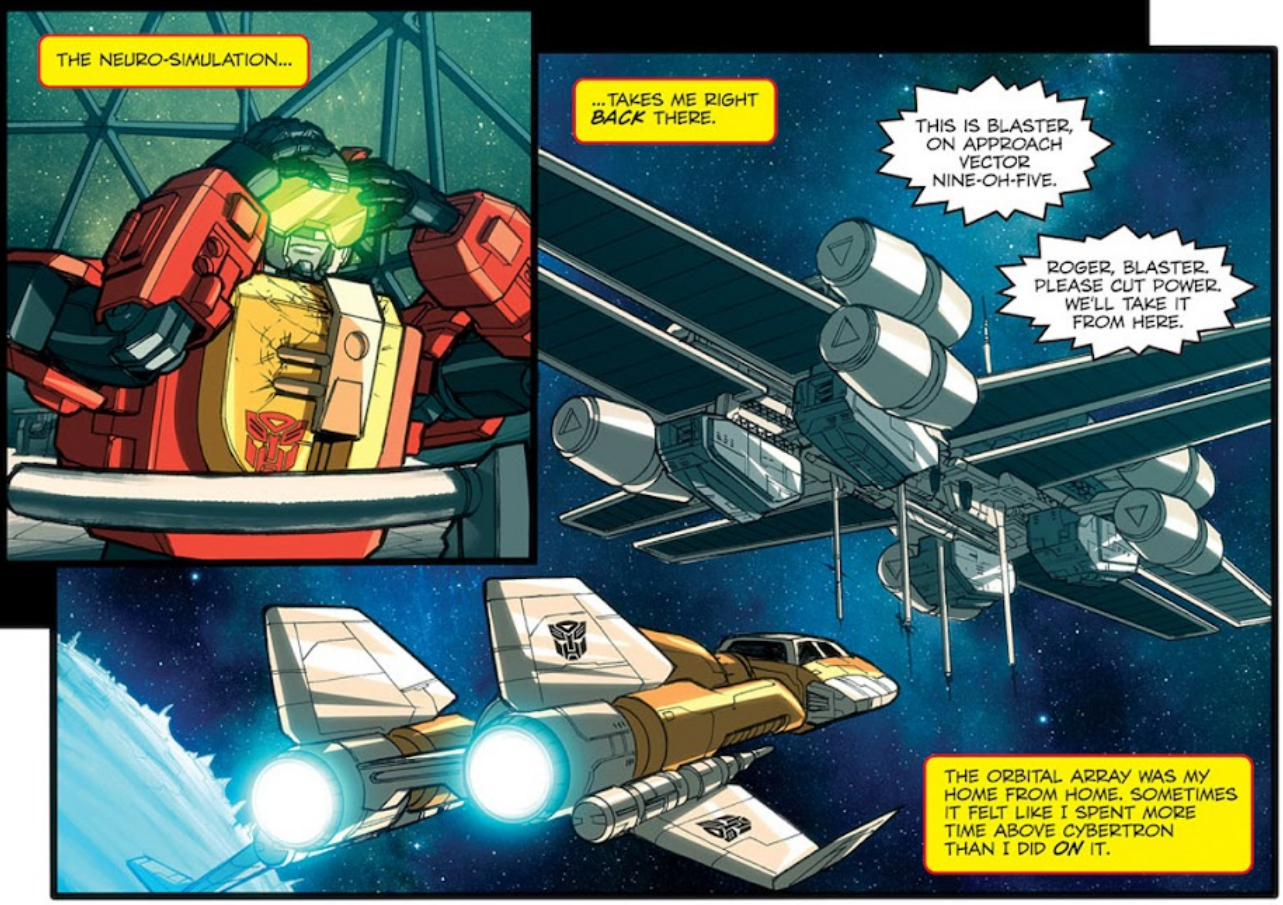

IN AN EFFORT TO JOG MY MEMORY, PERCEPTOR LINES UP ARCHIVE FOOTAGE OF ASSORTED BROADCASTS FROM MY RABBLE-ROUSING, RALLYING-CRY HEYDAY.
IT'S LIKE WATCHING A STRANGER...
FORGET YOUR "NEVER RETREAT, NEVER SURRENDER," THAT'S A GIVEN, SOMETHING IMPRINTED IN AUTOBOT DNA. NO, I'M TALKING LOUD, PROUD, AND ONLY STOP SWINGING ONE MOMENT AFTER YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD.
THAT'S HOW WE'LL BEAT 'EM.
THIS, I REALIZE, IS THE BLASTER THEY WANT. THEY WANT "THE VOICE."
AND I CAN'T BE THAT PERSON ANY MORE.
PERHAPS IT'D BE BETTER ALL ROUND IF THE TRUTH NEVER CAME TO LIGHT. AS IT IS, THE WAR EFFORT IS BOGGED DOWN IN A DESPERATE INERTIA, RESOURCES STRETCHED TO A CRITCAL LEVEL, ONE STEP FROM BREAKING POINT. IF I WAS BETRAYED BY SOMEONE KNOWN AND TRUSTED...
...IT'LL BE "THANK YOU, AND GOODNIGHT."

I SHOULD NEVER HAVE COME BACK. AT LEAST THE ILLUSION OF ME, OF WHAT I WAS, WOULD HAVE BEEN PRESERVED.
THEY WANT ME TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE AGAIN. IF I EVER TRULY MADE ONE IN THE FIRST PLACE!
ON REFLECTION, THOUGH...
...SOMEONE THOUGHT I WAS DOING SOMETHING RIGHT!
HN-UHT!
STOW
AFTER ALL...
...THEY WENT TO GREAT LENGTHS TO KILL ME!


AND NOW IT SEEMS...
...THEY'RE BACK TO *FINISH* THE JOB.
THIS IS *ALL* WE HAVE. WHOEVER ATTACKED YOU WAS USING SOME KIND OF *WHITE-STATIC CLOUD* TO OFFSET THE INTERNAL SECURITY MONITORS.
HOWEVER, THE CLOUD TECH HAS LIMITATIONS. THIS WAS SOMEONE IN A HURRY. GIVEN TIME, I COULD PROBABLY *RESOLVE* THE IMAGE.
TIME IS SOMETHING I MAY NOT HAVE.
WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?
WELL, FOR A START, YOU CAN DE-ARCHIVE THE PERSONNEL ROSTERS FROM MY OLD ORBITAL ARRAY. SEE WHO WAS AROUND THEN WHO'S HERE NOW.
AND...
...WE CAN TRY FORCING THE ISSUE!


YOU HEARD IT HERE FIRST! "THE VOICE"...
...IS BACK!
I'LL BE BROADCASTING LIVE TO ALL AUTOBOT OUTPOSTS, A FULLY AMPED AUDIO-VISUAL SHOT TO THE SYSTEM. A GUARANTEED TONIC FOR THE TROOPS!
SO GET THOSE FLAGS UNFURLED AND YOUR RECEPTORS READY FOR MY PATENTED PATRIOTIC PATTER. THE NEXT GLORIOUS ERA OF AUTOBOT ASCENDANCY...
...STARTS HERE!
IT TAKES ALMOST EVERYTHING I HAVE. I FEEL EMPTY...
...DRAINED.
BUT, FOR BETTER OR WORSE, IT'S DONE. NOW...
...IT'S A WAITING GAME.

WITH SOME TREPIDATION, I DECIDE TO TURN *BACK* THE CLOCK, VIRTUALLY SPEAKING, TO THAT FATEFUL CYCLE. IF I CAN JUST UNPICK SOME *CRUCIAL* DETAIL FROM THIS PATCHWORK MEMORY OF MINE...
...PERHAPS THIS'LL YET STOP SHORT OF AN ALL-OUT *TRAGEDY*.

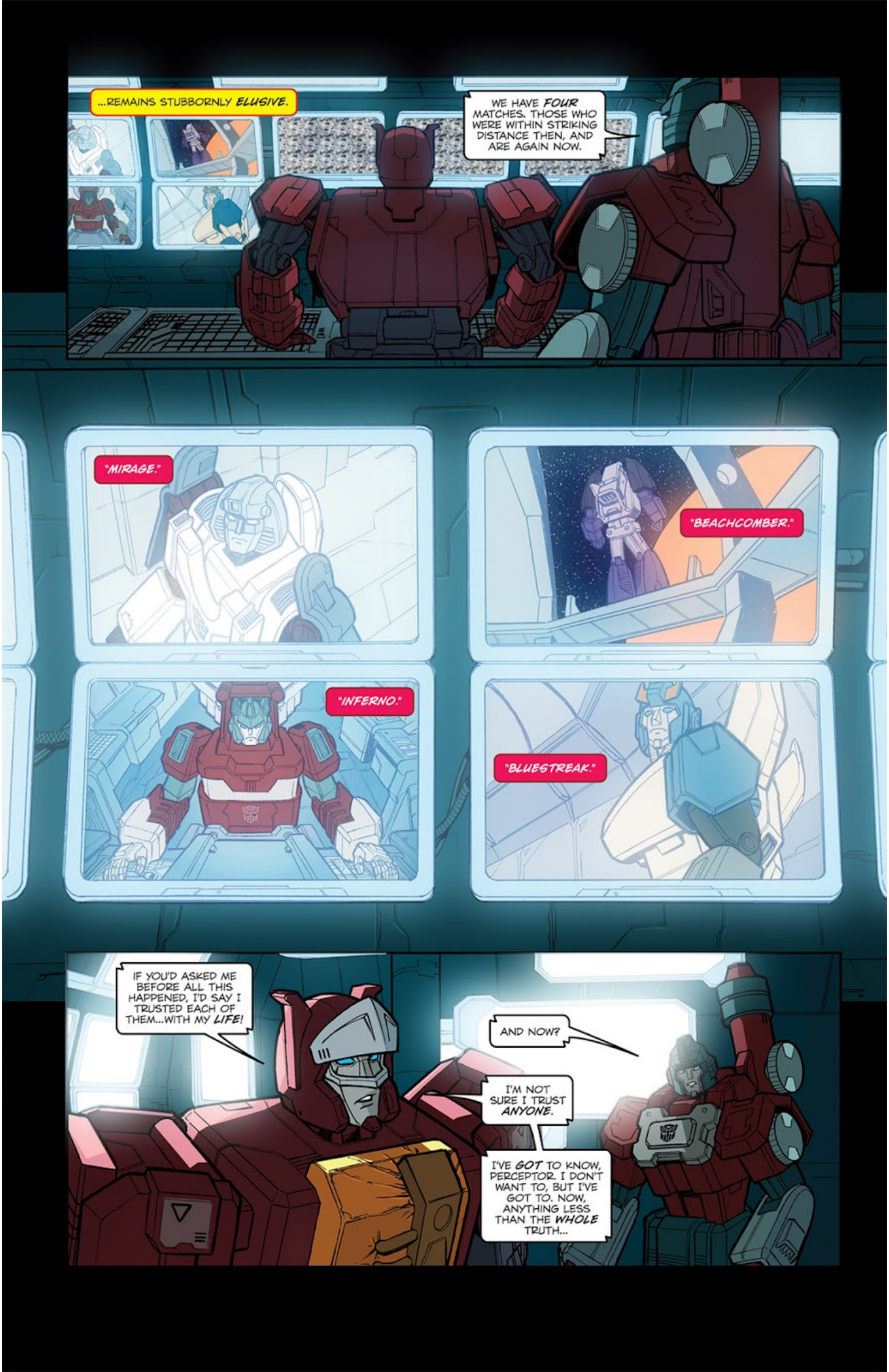

THE NEURO-SIMULATION...
...TAKES ME RIGHT *BACK* THERE.
THIS IS BLASTER, ON APPROACH VECTOR NINE-OH-FIVE.
ROGER, BLASTER. PLEASE CUT POWER. WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.
THE ORBITAL ARRAY WAS MY HOME FROM HOME. SOMETIMES IT FELT LIKE I SPENT MORE TIME ABOVE CYBERTRON THAN I DID *ON* IT.

AS WAS MY HABIT...
...I HAD THE BROADCAST SUITE *CLEARED* AHEAD OF MY ARRIVAL.

TRUTH WAS, I NEEDED SPACE TO PREPARE, TO GET INTO CHARACTER. THOUGH I COULD NEVER BE CLASSED AS THE SHY, RETIRING TYPE...
...A LOT WAS RIDING ON MY BEING LARGER THAN LIFE AND THEN SOME!
OUR GROUND FORCES WERE STILL REELING FROM THUNDERWING'S APOCALYPTIC ASSAULT. THE 'CONS, QUICKER TO REACT, HAD USED THE FALLOUT PERIOD TO MAKE SIGNIFICANT ADVANCEMENTS.
THINGS WERE NOT LOOKING GOOD.
A BIG PUSH WAS COMING, AND EVERYONE KNEW IT!
TIRED, OUTNUMBERED, BESIEGED ALMOST AROUND THE CLOCK...
...THEY NEEDED "THE VOICE."

EH—?
OH.
IT'S YOU. WHAT DO YOU—?
FORGIVE ME...
VASHP
WHOEVER IT WAS...
...THEY PICKED THEIR MOMENT.
I'VE SINCE LEARNED THAT NANO-KILKS AFTER THE BROADCAST FAILED TO MATERIALIZE...

...THE DECEPTICONS MOVED IN FOR THE KILL!
BUT STILL, AS THE DETAILS AND MINUTIAE CRYSTALIZE, THE FACE OF MY ASSAILANT...

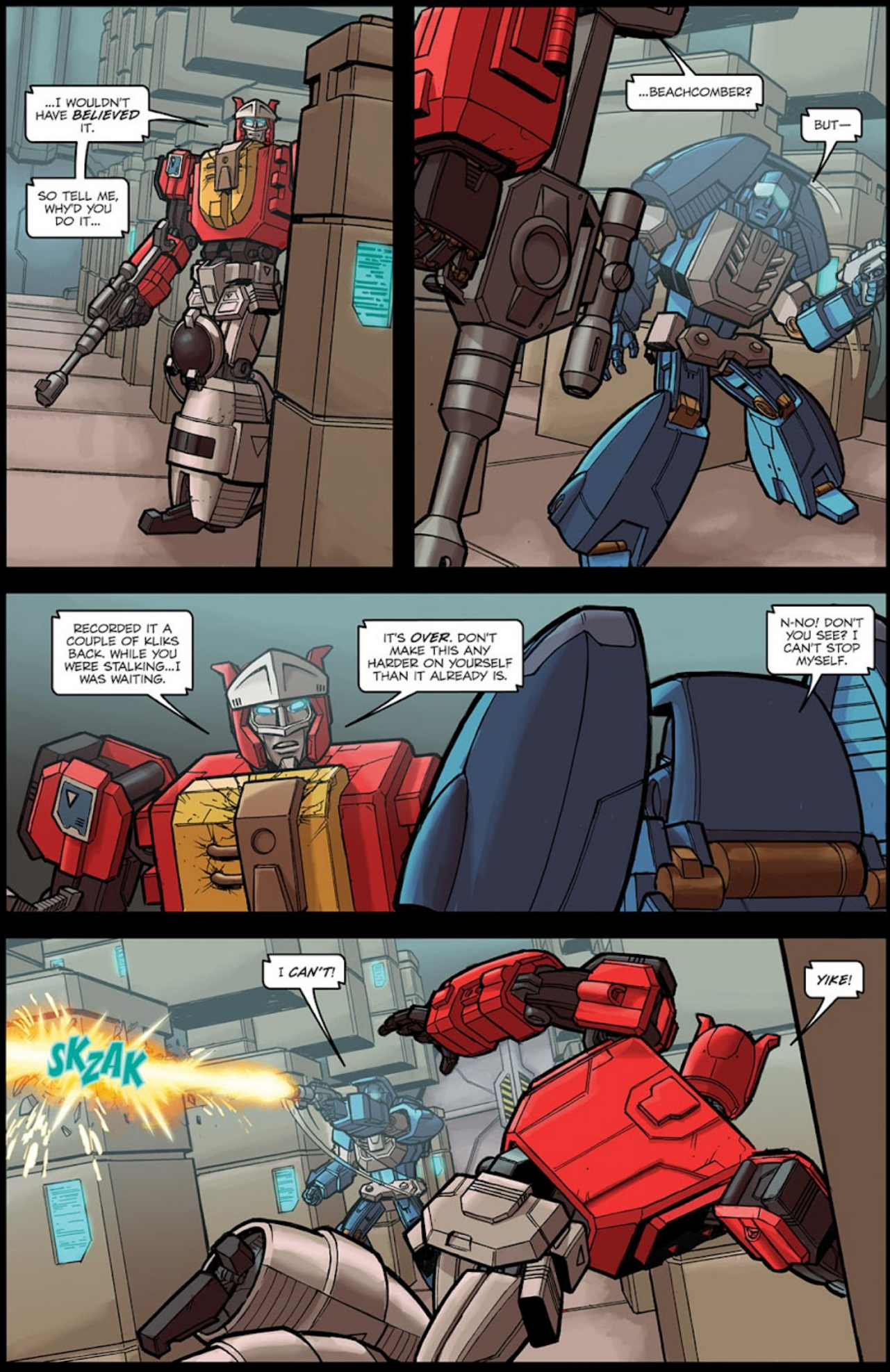

...REMAINS STUBBORNLY ELUSIVE.
WE HAVE FOUR MATCHES. THOSE WHO WERE WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE THEN, AND ARE AGAIN NOW.
"MIRAGE."
"BEACHCOMBER."
"INFERNO."
"BLUESTREAK."
IF YOU'D ASKED ME BEFORE ALL THIS HAPPENED, I'D SAY I TRUSTED EACH OF THEM...WITH MY LIFE!
AND NOW?
I'M NOT SURE I TRUST ANYONE.
I'VE GOT TO KNOW, PERCEPTOR. I DON'T WANT TO, BUT I'VE GOT TO. NOW, ANYTHING LESS THAN THE WHOLE TRUTH...

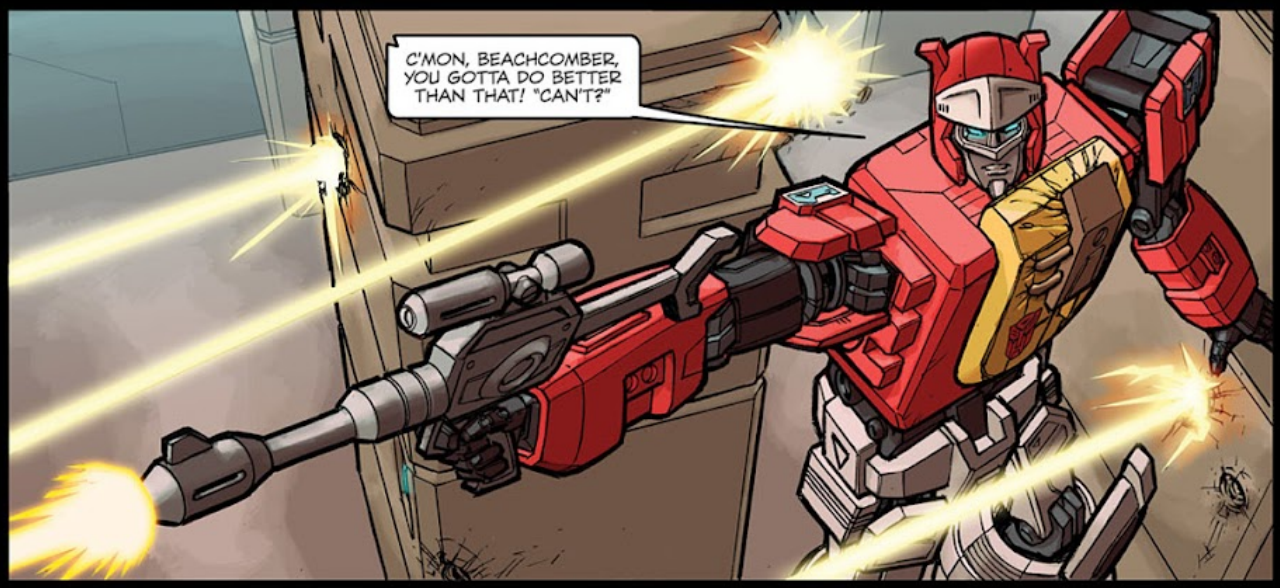
"...WILL DESTROY ME."
KTUH
LISTEN UP, SHARPSHOOTERS— THIS IS BLASTER...

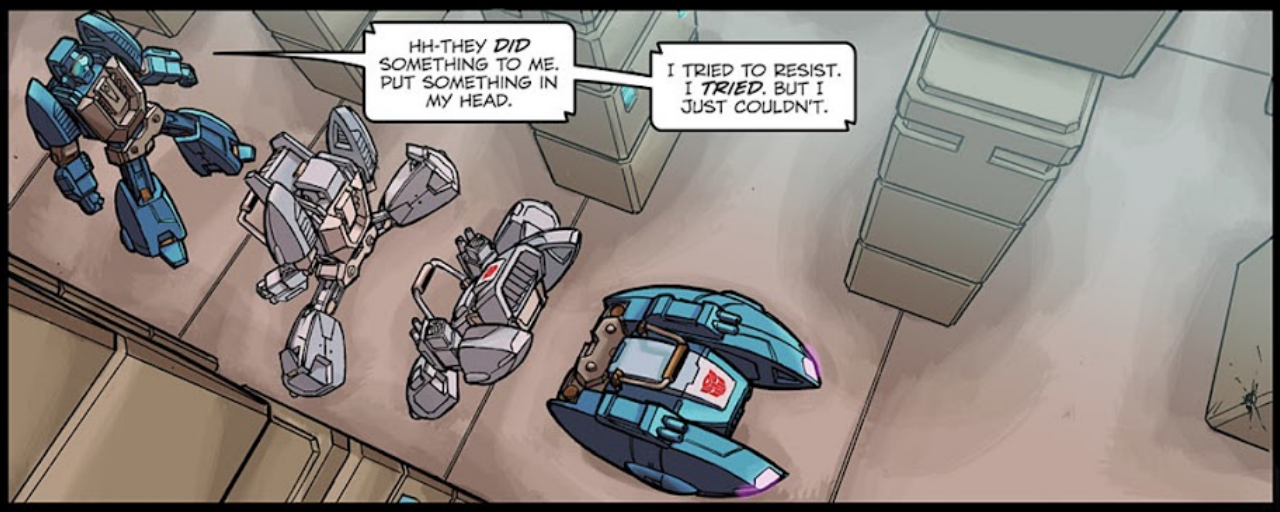
...BROADCASTING LIVE TO THE FAR CORNERS OF THE GALAXY, BRINGING YOU THE WORD TO THE WISE, THE CHATTER THAT MATTERS.
IT SEEMS WORDS LIKE "IMPOSSIBLE" AND "INSURMOUNTABLE" HAVE CREPT INTO THE AUTOBOT LEXICON WHILE I 'VE BEEN AWAY, SO I'M MAKING IT MY FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS TO REINVIGORATE THE VOCABULARY OF VICTORY.

SO SAY AFTER ME, WE WILL TRIUMPH, WE WILL RESIST, WE WILL OVERCOME, WE WILL PLUMB DEPTHS OF RESOLVE AND SELF-BELIEF WE THOUGHT WERE OUT OF REACH!
AND IN THE DARK TIMES AHEAD...

...THAT FAITH IN OUR OWN, PERSONAL WELL OF FORTITUDE AND RESILIANCE WILL LIGHT OUR PATH TO A GLORIOUS DESTINY. WIN OR LOSE, LIVE OR DIE, NOTHING AND NO ONE...
...IS *EVER* GONNA STOP US!
WHOOP
WHOOP
WHOOP
WHOOP
IF I HADN'T SEEN IT WITH MY OWN OPTICS...


...I WOULDN'T HAVE *BELIEVED* IT.
SO TELL ME, WHY'D YOU DO IT...
...BEACHCOMBER?
BUT—
RECORDED IT A COUPLE OF KLIKS BACK. WHILE YOU WERE STALKING...I WAS WAITING.
IT'S *OVER*. DON'T MAKE THIS ANY HARDER ON YOURSELF THAN IT ALREADY IS.
N-NO! DON'T YOU SEE? I CAN'T STOP MYSELF.
I *CAN'T*!
SKZAK
YIKE!


C'MON, BEACHCOMBER, YOU GOTTA DO BETTER THAN THAT! "CAN'T?"


HH-THEY DID SOMETHING TO ME. PUT SOMETHING IN MY HEAD.
I TRIED TO RESIST. I TRIED. BUT I JUST COULDN'T.

IT'S NO USE HIDING. I'M SORRY.
MY GEO-SENSORS CAN DETECT THE ENERGON-DERIVATIVE IN YOUR INFRASYSTEM. IT'S LIKE A BEACON.

HIDE? PERISH THE THOUGHT. I WAS JUST WAITING FOR YOU TO GET INTO POSITION...

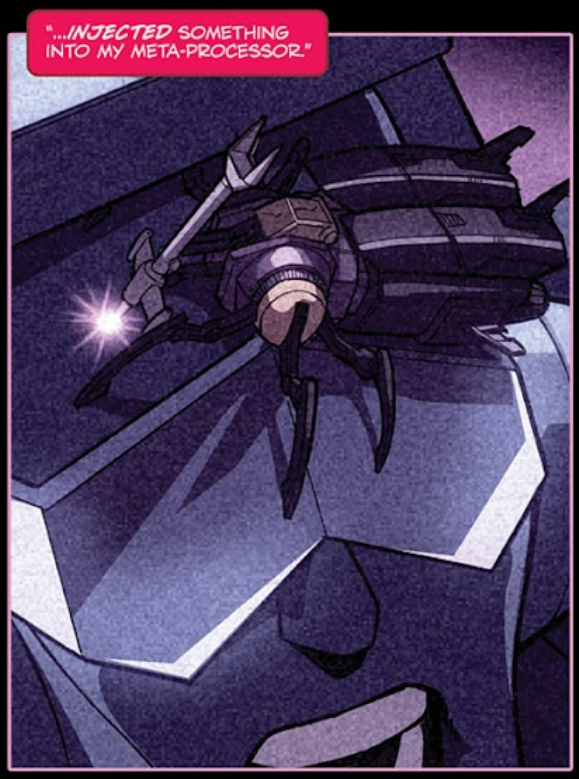
KTANG
KTANG
KTANG
KTANG
"...FOR THIS!"
KTANG
STOP! PLEASE.
I WANTED THIS QUICK AND CLEAN. YOU WERE NEVER MEANT TO SUFFER.
WELL, GEE, THANKS. BUT,SEE...
BA-BOOM!
...I'VE NEVER BEEN THE TYPE TO GO QUIETLY!

HN-UHT!
SORRY, BUT IT'S NOT ENOUGH. THERE'S ONLY TWO WAYS THIS ENDS.
EITHER I KILL YOU...
...OR YOU KILL ME!
TELL ME MORE, BEACHCOMBER.
UH?
WHO DID THIS TO YOU? HOW?
IF I'M ABOUT TO BITE THE BIG ONE, I'D AT LEAST LIKE TO KNOW WHO'S PULLING THE STRINGS.
WHERE—?
OH, HEREABOUTS. JUST MAKING SOUND JUMP THROUGH SOME HOOPS, Y'KNOW.

THE NAME!
SUH-SUH...
...SOUNDWAVE!

"I WAS AMBUSHED, RESTRAINED. AND THEN..."

"...HE-HE CALLED IT BOMBSHELL. IT..."


"...INJECTED SOMETHING INTO MY META-PROCESSOR."

IT MADE ME DO TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE THINGS!
EASY, EASY.
WE CAN HELP YOU, BEACHCOMBER, BUT FIRST YOU'VE GOT TO HELP YOURSELF!

STOP! DON'T COME ANY CLOSER! I'LL SHOOT!
NO. YOU WON'T.
YOU'LL FIGHT. YOU'LL RESIST. YOU'LL OVERCOME. YOU'RE AN AUTOBOT. THAT'S WHAT WE DO.
I'M... NOT STRONG ENOUGH.
YOU ARE.
THERE'S A MOMENT IN EVERYONE'S LIFE WHEN THEY LOOK INSIDE THEMSELVES AND FIND THAT SOLID, HARD CORE THAT CAN'T BE CORRUPTED, OR BROKEN, OR TRAMPLED.
IT HAPPENS WHEN IT'S DARKEST, WHEN WE'RE ALONE AND IN PAIN AND AFRAID THAT WE FIND IT. THAT'S WHEN WE UNDERSTAND WHO WE TRULY ARE.
WHO ARE YOU, BEACHCOMBER?
EHN.
I'M...
MNNN.
M—
ME!

I ALMOST DIDN'T. WHEN I SAW YOU WERE UNARMED, I WAS READY TO COME STORMING IN.
FUNNY THING IS, I WASN'T UNARMED. I USED THE BIGGEST AND BEST WEAPON IN MY ARSENAL.

NOT GOOD. THE CEREBRO-SHELL BURNED ITSELF OUT, BUT IT TOOK A GOODLY PORTION OF HIS NEO-CORTEX WITH IT.
YOU?
ANGRY.
I'VE GOT WORK TO DO HERE. BUT WHEN THAT'S DONE, I INTEND TO FIND SOUNDWAVE.
AND?

Emiliano Santalucia 2007